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**GUARANTY**

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**Why Not Subsidies?**

When President Wilson was considering means to re-create the American merchant marine he passed over direct aid to privately-owned vessels in favor of government ownership and operation. Why did he adopt the clumsier, more paternalistic and costlier method? He told us why in his address to Congress on December 8, 1914, when he said:

"The case is not unlike that which confronted us when our own continent was to be opened up to settlement and industry, and we needed long lines of railway, extended means of transportation prepared beforehand, if development was not to lag intolerably and wait interminably. We lavishly subsidized the building of transcontinental railroads. We look back on that with regret now because the subsidies led to many scandals of which we were ashamed; but we knew that the railroads had to be built, and if we had to do it over again we should, of course, build them, but in another way. Therefore I propose another way of providing the means of transportation which must needs precede, not tardily follow, the development of our trade with our neighbor states of America."

Subsidy was rejected as a means not because it had not produced results but because it had also produced scandals. A still laxer and more unguarded method was tried. With the result that the United States eventually shelled \$3,000,000,000 into a government merchant shipping enterprise, on which there probably will be much more than a \$2,000,000,000 loss. There were scandals in connection with the railroad subsidies; but they faded into insignificance alongside of the colossal wastefulness indulged in in the creation of our war-time merchant fleet.

Mr. Wilson avoided the better and modest means of restoring our marine. He shied at it as at a dog with a bad name. An unpleasant association of ideas has, in fact, kept millions of Americans from accepting the plain business fact that in building up shipping direct and indirect aid to private owners has always brought the best results at the smallest cost. A word with a taint has frightened us away from the soundest conception of government assistance to shipping. If we are going to give government aid, both because it is sorely needed and because we will only make our \$3,000,000,000 shipping investment more hopeless by withholding aid, why not give it frankly and in the way which has worked best? Mr. Wilson did not give it that way when he could have given it to the country's lasting advantage, largely because he was terrorized by a phrase.

**Broadcasting German Lies**

Senator Hitchcock's reaffirmation that the French have black troops on the Rhine is as lacking in candor as it is in accuracy. He himself admits that the Senegalese have been withdrawn, but nevertheless endeavors to give the impression that other negro troops still remain. In so doing he is spreading German lies invented in the hope of playing on American race hatred. Not only is there ample official testimony that the negro troops were long since withdrawn, but even such partial observers as Oswald Garrison Villard who have investigated conditions on the spot have been unable to support the case of the German trouble-makers.

Senator Hitchcock should follow the excellent advice of M. Clemenceau, and when he leaves the Senate should go to Europe and look into the question with his own eyes. He will find some Moroccan troops still left on the Rhine. To say, however, that these are negroes is to betray ignorance of history. The Moroccans are of mixed Berber, Arab and European blood. Of this the Berber element is much akin to the Mediterranean races of Spain and France. The Arabs belong to the Semitic race. Though bronzed in color, the Moroccans belong to the white race just as much as do the Germans.

The repetition of the malicious German propaganda about the "horrors on the Rhine" does nothing but reawaken the antagonisms of the

war. It is conceivable that in so doing Senator Hitchcock is serving Germany. But certainly he is not serving America.

**The Public Wins**

The building strike has been won by the public, whose fate in such controversies is usually to lose. Credit for a peaceful settlement is due to the Lockwood committee, which acted as mediator, and to both employers and unions, who made the concessions that were necessary to a resumption of work. But the fact that a cessation of building would not be tolerated by public opinion was what really counted.

It must not be forgotten, however, that the situation is not yet entirely safe. As long as quarrels between minor unions, which do not concern the public and involve no questions of wages or hours, can imperil the prosperity of a city of six million people the situation will never be safe.

In this particular strike two unions, both composed of unskilled laborers, were struggling for preferment in employment. There was no question of wages. There was no question of hours. The only controversy arose over the right of an organization not affiliated with the American Federation of Labor to supply a shortage of men. And that right had been acknowledged in written agreements by unions belonging to the national body.

This was admittedly a trivial question, yet for a few days it threatened to bring building to a standstill and perhaps to cause suspension of operations through the winter. The Lockwood committee has done valuable service in bringing the warring building interests into harmony. But it still lacks the authority that would be necessary to enable it to function in the event of a more stubborn quarrel.

The right of collective bargaining and the right of unions to organize are not now disputed. But the right of the public is paramount to that of any special interest. When a labor dispute endangers the public interest there should be a more effective means than there is at present under the laws of safeguarding the citizens, who are usually the losers in any strike, no matter which party it appears to be the winner when it is over.

**Politics and the Schools**

An important post is shortly to be filled by the Board of Education. Because of the death of Mrs. Grace Strachan Forsyth the last June a new member of the Board of Superintendents must be chosen. Upon the efficiency of these associate superintendents depends the success of the city's entire educational system, its routine, its morale.

Now, the two most prominent applicants for this post represent admirably the two contesting principles of school management. The first is Miss Olive M. Jones. She is the principal of Public School 120 for delinquent boys and has a national reputation as an educational expert. She is one of the outstanding figures among the teachers, men and women, of the city's school system. The second is another principal, Miss Margaret McCooey, a sister of John H. McCooey, the Democratic boss of Kings County. No outstanding qualifications have been urged in behalf of Miss McCooey, and her candidacy is pre-eminent only in its political aspects.

There are strong reasons why the Board of Education should name a woman to succeed Mrs. Forsyth. But to name Miss McCooey would be a frank surrender of the school system to Mr. Hylan and his political friends. If a woman is to be named it seems clear that Miss Jones is an admirable candidate, well fitted for this important post. To justify the naming of a man to the vacancy an educator should be chosen, whether from the city's forces or elsewhere, whose qualifications are demonstrated and recognized. There are such, beyond question. But The Tribune has not yet heard any such man mentioned for the office. As the problem stands, according to present reports, the race is between Miss Jones and a political candidate—either Miss McCooey or a man similarly equipped.

The issue facing the Board of Education is a serious one and its decision will be watched by every parent. The Tribune hopes that the Board will see its way to rebuff this renewed effort of politics to enter the school system.

**Dangerous Crossings**

There is truth in the complaint that life is in danger even at protected street crossings because of the fact that the average chauffeur is like a runner watching for the signal to start a race. He keeps his eyes glued on the policeman, ready to anticipate his signal if possible, with never a thought for the poor pedestrian who has not had time to get across the street before the rush starts.

Unfortunately, the solution is not to be found merely in an increase of the traffic police force. Even the eight men at Forty-second Street and Fifth Avenue in rush hours often can barely hold the mob in check. What is needed is complete revision of the traffic system in the city. The problem is largely one of

geography. The shape of the island has forced congestion within certain arteries. Only by making new arteries or by putting up new levels will it be possible to effect a permanent beneficial change.

But until this is done further efforts must be made to safeguard the pedestrians. There is always the possibility of erecting temporary foot bridges at some of the most congested crossings. An elevated footway made in the shape of an X, for example, at Forty-second Street and Broadway would enable pedestrians to cross any way at any time in comfort and safety. At stated intervals on other congested roads bridges also could be erected.

Such measures, however, would be only temporary. Sooner or later the traffic problem in New York must be tackled and solved as a whole. This is a task for engineers and specialists in city planning. Their solution, to be really effective, will involve far-reaching changes in the city which can only be carried out after many and long delays. In the mean time it is the duty of the city authorities to use all possible emergency measures to make life safer for the poor pedestrians.

**The Mystery of Gravitation**

The chorus of protest against the optimistic dispatches from San Francisco which represented that the problem of gravitation had been solved was to be expected. What-ever progress Captain See may have made such a miracle of discovery can hardly be included therein.

It is not too much to say that the force of gravity, its nature and manner of operation, is quite as complete a mystery to-day as when Sir Isaac Newton first guessed its existence and described its effects. The whole discovery and the researches conducted for two centuries since as a result are an excellent illustration of just how much and just how little science has succeeded in discovering.

Gravity is such an old story now that the popular attitude is apt to overestimate what is known concerning it. Its workings have been calculated with such nicety that the whole solar system has been measured and plotted in space and in time. In its most obvious form we feel it every time we leap in the air and are pulled back to the earth. It is equally certain and its tugging power can be just as accurately calculated in the case of the sun pulling at each of the planets across millions of miles and holding them from flying off into space quite as effectively as if each were tied at the end of a wire rope.

But what is this invisible force that operates across these vast spaces? By what means does it pass from sun to planet, from earth to a leaping human—and vice versa? Science has thus far not reached the beginning of an hypothesis. The hypothesis of an invisible ether has proved of value in the investigation of light. Not even this much of a trial theory has been suggested for the force of gravity. So far from clearing up the mystery of the solar system the discovery of gravity but added to the marvels of its order and rhythm. We can now calculate its forces—a wonderful achievement. Their source and character are still completely hidden.

**The Liberian Loan**

The recommendation of the Liberian loan bill can be described as a victory of the "farm bloc" over the Harding Administration only in the sense that some Republicans who are conspicuous in the "bloc" joined with other Republicans and all the Democrats present in slaughtering a measure which the State Department supported.

The loan project was an inheritance from the Wilson era. Secretary Hughes thought that a promise made when the Democratic party was in power ought to be kept. Was it a rebuke to him when all the Democratic side of the Senate voted to ignore Mr. Wilson's pledge? Or was it a rebuke to Mr. Wilson for making such a pledge? Here is a problem which no one in Washington attempted to solve. It is much simpler nowadays to give the "farm bloc" credit or blame for everything that happens.

Thirteen Republicans voted with the Democrats for recommitment. Among them were Messrs. Cameron, McNary, Jones (of Washington), McNary, Nicholson, Poindester, Sutherland and Watson. Are there men "farm bloc" in the political "farm bloc" sense? Are they wild-eyed "radicals"? Borah, Gooding and France voted against recommitment. What was there in the Liberian loan bill to make a cleavage between "radicals" and non-radicals except the possibility of its use to kill time and help to make unavoidable the extra session next spring on which the "radicals" have set their hearts?

It is a perfectly reasonable assumption that the loan measure failed because Congress feels that this is an inopportune time to tie up \$5,000,000 in Liberia. The commitment to do so exists. But a sort of statutory limitation has run against it. The loan agreement also provides for a vetoed protectorate over Liberia. The Wilson Administration got us into protectorates

over Hayti and the Dominican Republic. We have at last succeeded in withdrawing our military control over the latter country. American interest in a fresh protectorate venture in western Africa cannot be said to be keen. Possibly the Senate was merely reacting to public opinion when it sidetracked this belated foreign loan.

**Privation on the Deep**

Neither at sea nor ashore can man live by liquor alone—a fact which has reduced the crews of the merchantmen who hover beyond the three-mile limit to sore straits. Distressing stories of water famines every day. Even with barrels and casks and cases and hogsheads stowed snugly between decks, such of the mariners as remember Mr. Coleridge chant dolefully:

Whisky, whisky everywhere,  
And all the boards do shrink.  
Whisky, whisky everywhere,  
Nor any drop to drink.

Skippers of vessels that pass the low, rakish craft which heave and toss on the long ocean roll are often spoken and besought to sell a day's water supply for prices even greater than those which are demanded ashore for sterner stuff. But trafficking with contraband ships is bootlegging, even though the merchandise vendid is as kickless as the beverages now sold across the soda counter. And to be sent to a Federal penitentiary for selling water is a fate that no hardy captain cares to contemplate.

Perhaps, now that winter storms have begun to sweep down from the Labrador coast, enough falling snow may be caught and melted to supply at least chasers for the thirsting sea-dogs. Perhaps eftsnoons the profits of the business will justify the installation of salt-water condensers. Until one of these two measures of relief is afforded little groups of doleful mariners will cling to the mizzen shrouds and wail:

Alas! for sorrow on the sea  
And pleasure on the shore,  
The deep sea's terrors are increased  
By one privation more.

President Butler says Columbia needs a further endowment of \$10,000,000, which is probably due to the fact that thus far it has never been denounced by Mr. A. B. See.

Despite the poet the snows of yesteryear are always to be located around the end of November.

The flivver is the last refuge of the pedestrian.

**More Truth Than Poetry**  
By James J. Montague

**Puzzle Poem**  
Who is the man whose furtive smile  
We secretly abhor,  
When, once a week or so, he's seen  
Outside our office door?  
Who is the man whose face is hard  
As is the face of sin,  
And yet when he presents his card  
We murmur "Show him in?"

Who is the man we would not care  
To have it known we knew,  
And dodge upon the thoroughfare  
That we are passing through,  
Yet when he whispers soft and low  
His eyes fixed on the ground,  
"I've got that case of—well you know!"  
We mutter "Bring it round?"

Who is the man whose queeting tone  
Arouses our dismay  
When heard upon the telephone  
Upon our busiest day,  
But when he asks us "When can I come up and talk to you?"  
We make immediate reply:  
"Be here at half past two?"

Who is the man we'd like to throw  
Incidentally out,  
Yet deep within our hearts we know  
We cannot live without?  
Who fills us with profound disgust  
With those loud ways of his?  
You've guessed it, reader, that is just  
Exactly who it is!

**Can Nature Be Breaking the Volstead Law?**

Scientists inform us that alcohol is found in considerable quantities in seaweed. But we hope not in seaweed growing inside the three-mile limit.

**The Difference**

It takes England three days to hold an election, but it takes the United States three months to get over one.

**In All Fairness**

We certainly ought to make England pay an entertainment tax on Ambassador Harvey.  
(Copyright by James J. Montague)

**Old Friend "Greenhut"**

To the Editor of The Tribune:  
Sir: I was more than delighted at seeing our old friend "Greenhut" appear in Sunday's Tribune. Like meeting an old friend after these many years, I am hopeful that you will let us see a lot more of the old rascal.  
RAYMOND D. WEEKES.  
Montclair, N. J., Nov. 27, 1922.

**What Excuse for It?**  
(From The Providence Journal.)  
Senator Norris wants to eliminate the Electoral College. Why not? It has never produced a champion football team.

**The Lantern**  
COW, New York Tribune Inc., 1922

**FITZURSE WRITES AGAIN**

Sir: Again I warn you to remove the character whom you have named Captain Peter Fitzurse from the serial you are publishing. I thought perhaps that it was not I whom you intended, but that you were speaking of another man of the same name, but the reference to the Suez Canal leaves me no room for that charitable construction. For it was indeed I who planned and built that great waterway. The rattlesnake has buzzed twice, sir, and it will not buzz more than three times. The most gentlemanly and chivalrous of deadly creatures, it always gives fair warning before it strikes. Verbum sap, sir, verbum sap!

**CAPTAIN PETER FITZURSE.**

**ANOTHER COMMUNICATION**

Sir: I am a widow and I run a boarding house, and I saw in your paper about a Captain Fitzurse who was going through the Suez Canal. Well, if it is the same Suez Canal one of my boarders was always talking about maybe it was the same man that went away three years ago owing me considerable more than I could afford to lose and he had the best room in the house having married my daughter and went away when a lady came who said he was her husband also but he claimed she had got a divorce from him. Well, he can say if he wants to that he don't owe me for board and room on account of having married my daughter, but he ought to pay something, because even if it was all in the family, like he claimed, there is two sides to all these family troubles and a man ought to support his wife and family not sponge off from his mother-in-law, and the child is now three years old and eats like anything and not so much as a pair of shoes for the child has my daughter and me ever seen from Captain Fitzurse. Well, if he fell in the water off that ship like the naver said it was first water I ever saw him take and he used to send the pitcher to the corner bar room for beer before Prohibition came and I had to pay for it and he drunk it for his meals. On account of that more than one boarder has left, he would have the pitcher set on the table and drink right out of the pitcher, and me trying to run a nice place, and if any one said anything about it he would twist up his mustash and short and carry on and then after he had bullyragged the other boarders that way he would borrow money off of them and they would be afraid not to loan him and then they would come to me about it and I would have to take what they would loan him off from their board money.

Well, he carried a long knife or a kind of a sword into a cane, it looked like a cane, but he would twist the top and out would come the sword, and pointing it at the bosom of a woman who has every expectation she will soon become a mother and asking her to loan him her rings is nothing for a man to do like he laid down the law he always was, and then trying to pass it off for a joke when I parted my daughter with a carving knife for I was not scared of his sword.

Well, I have seen bums and I have seen gentlemen and I have seen them I could scarcely tell which was which, but I put it at the end of his line of talk had me fooled, to hear him talk you would think he was nothing less than one of these foreign powers always getting married in the big Sunday part of the newspapers, and even when money at our house was into its lowest herb he would spend money for hair dye and when he was at a even lower herb he used to use this liquid shoe blacking but to my mind any shoe as handsome does and I judge him by his actions and am all the time scared my grandchild will turn out just like him. My husband wasn't any good neither, but he would not point a sword at a woman's bosom and when the other lady came she said she was his wife and I said to him "What place you for a bigamy he said "bigamy" you damn I am like Shakespeare I take my own where I find it," whatever he meant by that.

Well, I am writing you for more news about him, if he is really drowned in the Suez Canal I will be sure my daughter isn't married and as it is I ain't sure one way or the other, that is the ever, I tried to make up to a school teacher an awful nice girl who boarded with me having heard she had savings in the bank and once he brought an endorsement to the house and said he wanted my daughter and me to endorse our life in his favor he thought so much of us he couldn't bear to think of us and the other being unprotected and if anything did happen he would have funds to look after the other one and all the time it come out later he was telling this school teacher if anything happened to my daughter her and him would get married.

Well, he is a thoroughly bad man and the little boy is always kicking and slapping and jabbing holes in the table cloths and picks up every cuss word he hears and sasses his mother and me and if the old liar is really drowned at the bottom of that canal it would be a godsend and my daughter could be free safe to marry again, she is a big enough fool if he ever come back alive she would take up with him again but if she knew he was drowned for good may quit thinking about him and catch her a beau. He used to smoke his pipe in bed and burn holes in the pillow cases besides if I said anything, he didn't care, and I was honored by her, he would say the family of a gentleman and quit talking my dam nonsense or he would forget I was a lady, but he never dast to go further than words with me, he knew I just wanted a good legal excuse to rasp that carving knife on his wicked old ribs, and I would hate him if he really drowned to eat a canal fish that had eat that old poison liar. Yours respectfully, Mrs. Angelina Ackles.

The editor hopes that this time it really is another Captain Fitzurse.  
DON MARQUIS.



**Give American Ships a Chance**

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: When the motto of the American people becomes "American built ships, manned by Americans, owned by Americans, flying the American flag and carrying America's exports," then and only then, will our merchant marine have a fair chance to compete with those of other nations. Our national safety depends on merchant ships in time of war. The pending bill attempts to insure cargoes for such ships in time of peace. "Merchant marine act 1922" therefore deserves the unqualified support of every true American regardless of party allegiance. The average American imagines because foreign ships are treated as well as our own ships in our ports that the same condition must obtain abroad. The contrary is the case. Returning American steamers report all sorts of needless delays and petty annoyances practiced against them in out of the way ports.

An American ship will be held at anchor while a British ship will enter port, proceed to a pier, unload and reload before the American ship is permitted by the port authorities to go to her pier. To appreciate what that means, one must bear in mind that a ship at sea may be earning \$1,000 a day in freight; swinging at anchor, she cannot be said to be earning anything. Cases are on record where American ships partly discharged or not completely reloaded have been deliberately moved away from their berths to make room for a British ship.

Again, the average American supposes it is a simple matter to get a return cargo abroad. Nothing could be further from the truth. Years ago the contract rebate was invented to prevent the possibility of an occasional tramp steamer coming into port and by quoting a low rate secure part of the business of the regular liners. They haven't a chance. Large shippers all over the world are tied up to the regular lines in the following way: If they will bind themselves not to ship a pound of goods by any other ships for a year the steamship line will agree to pay them back a percentage of all the freight they have paid during the year, but if for some months (six months in some cases) after the year has expired they ship by another line they forfeit all their earned rebate.

Fine chance the outsider has to get a foothold under such conditions! Possibly that may be the reason why the cotton shippers of Alexandria wouldn't or couldn't afford to let United States Shipping Board ships carry any portion of the Egyptian cotton intended for the United States, even when the American rates were lower than the British. The American ship owner is not in a fair fight—he is being discriminated against everywhere. It's all the rest of the world against the American ship.

For such a condition there is but one practical, efficient answer—a legislative enactment that will serve notice on all nations that a united people is

**What Readers Are Thinking**

**Prohibition and Crime**

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: The outstanding fact in the report of the Census Bureau as to the prison population of the United States on July 1, 1917, and July 1, 1922, as brought out by Hastings H. Hart, president of the American Prison Congress and director of the Department of Child Helping of the Russell Sage Foundation, has been overlooked in the press comments on the subject.

Figures show that the increase has largely been in prohibition states which had already got the first benefits of prohibition in reducing crimes and prison population and where there was, therefore, nothing to break the force of the other elements which tended to increase crime.

In the wet State of New York, for instance, which began to get the benefits of prohibition only at the same time the post-war influences began to increase crime, the prison population had decreased 14.8 per cent under prohibition. This in spite of the other factors tending to increase the crime rate.

WILLIAM H. ANDERSON,  
State Superintendent Anti-Saloon League of New York.  
New York, Nov. 25, 1922.

**Tuskegee's Christ • as Appeal**

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: For many years past the friends of the Tuskegee Institute have been good enough to share through our various extension agencies such clothing, books, pictures, cards, etc., both new and old as they could spare for needy colored children of the South.

Tuskegee Institute will be glad to serve, as in former years, as a distributing center for these gifts and to place them where they are most needed and will be most appreciated. Through our various offshoot schools, through farm demonstration agents, Jeanes Fund workers, movable schools, etc., we are in close touch with the desolate communities and needy families, as well as with the more prosperous and progressive localities.

Packages addressed to me at Tuskegee Institute will be carefully distributed. Some friends prefer to send money for the purchase of these gifts, and in each instance the fund is spent as directed by the donors.

ROBERT R. MOTON,  
Principal.  
Tuskegee Institute, Alabama, Nov. 24, 1922.

**Old Greenwich Village**

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: The article on the old 9th Ward in your magazine section has been read with much interest. Although not a resident, I was very familiar with that district during the '70s, and quite agree with your contributor that the new element does not at all represent the descendants of the old inhabitants, nor would they appreciate the real old-time flavor which can be found nowhere else in New York. As to Eleventh and Fourth city authorities had left the name of Hammond Street from Seventh Avenue west there would not have been this confusion. Tenth Street was originally called Amos Street and Third Street was Amity.

Among the interesting old shops were two on Hudson Street, near Morton, one of which had a sign as follows: "For things of use and things of sport the gay and curious here resort." And the other in front

of a tobacco shop with the usual wooden Indian: "He who smokes thinks like a philosopher." F. H.

New York, Nov. 27, 1922.

**Clemenceau's Question**

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: Clemenceau praises us for our help in the war, praises us for making the victory over Germany complete, and then asks if we think our responsibility ended then and there. Is it a wonder that he is amazed when the answer filed at him is: "Oh, forget it! the war is over."

To this man of eighty-one long years of usefulness—this patriot who comes 3,000 miles to state the case of France as he knows it—the power of our turning our back upon a country is inconceivable unless, as he tells us that in so many words—words quaintly chosen and somewhat confused. His insistent question is: "What are the American people going to do about it? Is France to be allowed to perish? Is this great civilization to end?"

The question is not vital alone, because Georges Clemenceau values it. We owe a great debt to France. This debt has never been repaid, and it will be no peace in the world until we do it in our own dark days is adequately paid. France is a home-keeping, in-repaid, peaceable nation, in deadly fear of a truculent neighbor, whose dominant idea is her annihilation. France is the center of civilization, art, and all that makes life beautiful. There will be no peace in the world until her present and her future are made safe, and this is what Clemenceau, the patriot, asks us to guarantee.

GEORGE WHARTON EDWARDS.  
New York, Nov. 24, 1922.